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## REVIEWS

*The Abbess; a Romance.* By the Author of the 'Domestic Manners of the Americans,' &c. London: Whittaker,

Mrs. Trollope has commenced a sort of literary crusade against sundry of the nations of the earth; she strikes east, west, north, and south; she invaded America, and touched on the domestic manners of the people with a pencil dipped in aquafortis; in the work before us she has made an inroad upon Italy, in the days when her popes were strong and her church in power, and has handled priests, nuns, confessors, and abbots, in a way which cannot fail to stir the wrath of some of the believers in the ancient church. She details the duties and the intrigues of convents, relates the erring conversations of nuns, gives us sad pictures of the perfidy of priests and the undue influence of confessors, and crowns the whole by exhibiting the dark workings of the Inquisition, from whose machinations one of the heroines of this story escaped with difficulty. In almost every page—more especially when the narrative breaks into dramatic detail—we recognize the same sharp and intrepid spirit, the same leaning to the picturesque side of everything, the same love of heightening the natural effect of all, and not a little of the same liking for warm delineations which we perceived in her 'Domestic Manners of the Americans.' Unquestionably some of the chapters of the 'Abbess' equal anything in the language for liveliness and truth; she excels whenever she sets loose the tongues of her nuns on breeding canaries, tending flowers, walking by moonlight, or surveying handsome pages and interesting travellers through the jealous gratings of the Convent. We like her less when she touches on the mysterious doings of the priests and confessors; and we question if ever, in the fiercest moods of the Italian church, such grievous wrongs were wrought as the novelist intimates. She deals a little too, we fear, in the improbable. It is said, that once on a time a bold and shameless lady contrived to seat herself in the chair of the pope, and before she was found out she had set the half of Christendom by the ears: Mrs. Trollope, with considerable hardihood, has made a Protestant lady head of a convent, and all but endowed her with the name and reputation of a saint, so exquisitely did she play the hypocrite.

The story relates at large the perils and vicissitudes of a noble Italian family, the female portion of which were secret Protestants, through the influence of an heretical grandame, and the male part weak and bigoted Catholics, through the influence of birth, and monks and confessors; one of the former becomes an abbess, and another is in danger of becoming a nun, when a fortunate accusation of flirtation and heresy before the Inquisition, enables the elder to triumph over all her enemies, and the younger to

wed a husband of her grandmother's house—her own cousin, Hubert Lord Arlborough, of the isle of heretics. The scene is chiefly laid in the Castle of Albano and the Abbey of St. Katherine, in Italy; and the time when the story commences is the year 1575.

When the narrative begins, Juliet, the only daughter of Count de Albano, is young, lovely, and in danger of either being sent to a convent or carried away by a young and handsome cavalier, whose name or lineage no one knows. It is thus our vigilant author's comments on the matter: she treats her own creation worse than she did the American ladies:—

"I fear that to the young ladies of England, of the year 1833, my Juliet must have already appeared (to say the least of it) a very thoughtless and imprudent person; and I have not yet told the worst circumstance of her foolish love affair. She actually knew neither the name nor the country of her lover. How she chanced to meet him shall be explained hereafter, though no extenuation of her imprudence will be found in the manner of it.

"In fact, Juliet's only excuse lay in her most child-like innocence, and in the peculiar circumstances of her position. She had never known a mother. The noble lady who gave her birth, died whilst she was still an infant, and no female had been provided, who could ever pretend to take her place. The mother of Olive had waited upon the late Countess from the time of her marriage, and her daughter, having been brought up in the castle, was chosen on the recommendation of Father Laurence, as Juliet's principal attendant, after she returned from the convent where she received her education. No single being was near her on whom she could with propriety bestow either confidence or affection. Her proud father was quite out of the question. Her young brother, though mild and amiable in temper, was incapable of being more to her than a petted plaything; and poor little Morgante, though the most faithful of pages, was hardly fit, with all his sharp wit and ready invention, to be the sole confidant of the beautiful and high-born Juliet. Yet so it was. Nevertheless, it is but justice towards Morgante to confess, that, in the present instance, his discretion had shown itself to great advantage; for he had more than once ventured to hint that he heartily wished his young mistress knew something of her lover's name and rank. That the latter was noble, however, he found it was treason to doubt, and therefore ceased to glance at the possibility of its being otherwise; but that it would be desirable to know his name, was an opinion by which he held stoutly, and against this, Juliet had never brought any very powerful objections."

In the midst of these entanglements her dreaded aunt, the lady abbess, arrives; her stately manners, her enlightened conversation, and a certain indescribable something that augured toleration of true love matters in her looks, won the heart of Juliet; she related the romantic story of her affection for the nameless cavalier, and the abbess rewarded her confidence by revealing the secret of her faith—that though the abbess of a convent, she was in all respects a Protestant. These communications are made in

rather an interesting way, but we suspect some of our readers will prefer to hear the conversation which passed among the nuns who accompanied the abbess, Olive, and one of the servants of the Count's household.

"She had every reason to believe that her kind attentions were not displeasing to any of the holy ladies, who not only partook freely of what she set before them, but entered with great affability into conversation with her.

"It is really a pity," said the venerable sister Martha, sipping the cup which Olive had presented to her, from the cheering composition on the lamp, 'It is, indeed, a pity and a sorrow, that such a slightly damsel as you are, should be affronted every day you live, by having the bold eyes of ungodly men cast upon you.—How well she would look in a bandeau and hood, sister Clara,—wouldn't she?'

"She would be a perfect picture," replied the nun she addressed; 'there is certainly no head-gear in all Italy, that sets off fine eyes, like the bandeau of the White Dominicans.'

"But perhaps, daughter," observed another, 'you may have formed some earthly attachment, that would make it inconvenient for you to become the spouse of Christ?'

"You need not be afraid to speak before sister Martha," said a third; 'she is very good natured. Come tell us all your history—will you?'

"Olive, who perhaps had some doubts whether her own history would be sufficiently edifying for so select an audience, varied the subject by saying, 'Oh, dear ladies! if you like to hear stories of true love, you ought to be told that which belongs, as I may say, to this very castle, where you now are; and I only wish that I could tell it to you as beautifully as Father Laurence told it to me—I am right sure it would draw tears from your holy eyes.'

"Nay, good daughter, let us hear you tell it," said sister Martha.

"I do not think any one could tell it better," said sister Beatrice.

"I am sure I would rather hear you than any body," said sister Johanna.

"Now, pray begin—pray do, Signora," said sister Clara."

The good abbess is gentle, accommodating, and kind; she encourages her niece in her love affair; accompanies her to an interview with her admirer on the sea shore; arranges future meetings, and to secure Juliet from all machinations, carries her to the convent, and acquaints her with the secrets and intrigues of the place. Thither the young lady is followed by one of those fairy pages—a child in size, but a man, and more, in acuteness of intellect and ready activity of fancy, whom we never meet with in life, but often find in the pages of romance, where they solve all difficulties and unriddle all mysteries. This little hero, Morgante by name, was found one evening by Count Albano in his chapel, and his confessor had the address to pass him off as something dropt from above; when he grew up, he bestowed his whole regard on Juliet, and all his mischief (and it was not little) on the confessor and the domestics. As his character

is naturally drawn, we must give our readers a glimpse of him.

"The Virgin and all her holy company be praised, Signora! I thought, for certain, they had locked you up in your cell; and I meant to climb that high wall there, and clamber up to all the windows, one after another, till I found you out.—What a beautiful garden you have got here!—and all these ladies are the nuns, I suppose—but they are prettier than the nuns they sent us to Albano.—I suppose, ma'am, (addressing Marcella) that you would not trust these young ones out, for fear they should never come back. Well—I am sure, they all look as merry as Olive herself. May I come and walk in this garden with you, Signora, whenever I like?"

"You don't know what you are talking about, my darling," said old Marcella;—"we should soon have a visit from my lord Abbot, just to ask what was the matter with us, if that were granted, I take it.—No, no, my man, you must run about outside the walls, when you want exercise. We don't want to make a nun of you, you know—but for the garden—no."

"Morgante looked at the novices, and they all laughed.

"Away with you, my man," said Marcella, giving him a gentle push,—away with you, I say; your eyes are older than your stature. I must have no looking and laughing among my young ladies here. Come along, master page, come along."

"May I not speak one word to my lady mistress?" said Morgante.

"Well then, make haste—speak away, and have done."

"Are you happy, Signora?" said the boy in a low whisper; but Juliet discreetly answered him aloud.

"Yes, Morgante, very happy. And pray how do you like the convent? I hope you are very well behaved and orderly?"

"Why, as for my liking the convent, Signora, I shall find no fault with it, provided we do not stay too long—and, as for my behaviour, I suppose it is as it should be, because more old ladies than I ever saw in my life before, have done nothing but pat my head, and call me dear and darling, ever since I arrived."

"The novices again laughed aloud at this sally.

"Come along, you little imp you," said the mother, seizing him by the shoulder, "they shall none of them call you so again, I promise ye."

"The boy could not resist his inclination to laugh, though it appeared as if Marcella shook him not very gently as she led him away.

"Cross old plague!" cried one of the young ladies, who felt disposed to forgive the diminutive size of the page, in favour of his sauciness.

"Cross old plague! I perfectly hate her."

The following scene acquaints us with some of the pleasures of a convent: it is graphic.

"The next morning, sister Agatha came to the cell of Juliet, and told her that the Lady Abbess waited breakfast for her. She was quite ready, and, with spirits recruited by a night of sound sleep, and a morning of bright sunshine, walked gaily through the long corridors with her gentle companion.

"Have you rested well, Signora?" said the nun.

"Never better, dear sister; your convent is delightful. What a garden! what flowers!"

"Our convent is the richest in the Duchy; and our ladies are most of them noble."

"Indeed!—and so numerous too."

"Our convent has more cells than any other in Italy."

"And are they all so comfortable as mine?"

"All exactly alike; excepting that some of the sisters have images and relics of their own."

"And the air is so fine here;—I think the convent must be very healthy?"

"I believe so.—Our chapel has the heaviest golden candlesticks of any chapel in the state of the church, out of Rome."

"Really!—and all the rooms and passages are so lofty, and so well aired."

"Yes.—We have three images of the Virgin in solid silver, beside our Sant' Catherina;—and that is silver gilt."

"You don't say so?—In the convent where I was educated, our refectory was not half so large and well lighted as yours."

"I dare say it was not.—Our convent has the largest piece of the real cross in the state; and it is the only relic in Italy that has got diamonds round the lock and handle of the coffer in which it is kept."

"Altogether your convent seems to be very superior."

"It is the first in Italy."

"You must feel very happy in belonging to it."

"Yes, very.—Only the years seem so long!"

We had marked sundry convent scenes, of a sterner character than this, for quotation, and also a portion of the trial in the Inquisition, but our limits forbid such indulgence. We have not, indeed, the whole of the work before us. The Abbess and Juliet and Lord Hubert are on the sea, on their way to England, and we observe a tempest of considerable rigour and duration is about to rise; for a cloud has come over the moon, grey old mariners shake their heads, and the authoress has a hundred pages and odd to fill, before she can say *finis*. We are afraid that Mrs. Trollope has disposed of her heroines in a way little to the liking of her publisher—a shrewd man, who knows what's what—and has, we presume, kept back the tragic conclusion, lest it should induce us to complain of the injustice of depriving the Inquisition of burning two handsome heretics for the pleasure of drowning them at sea.

*Characteristics of Goethe.* From the German of Falk, Von Müller, &c. By Sarah Austin. 3 vols. London: Wilson.

A review of Falk's work, with translated extracts, appeared in the *Athenæum* long since †, but we think it due to Mrs. Austin, to express our satisfaction at this publication; and we shall satisfy our readers, that there is much in it to reward the perusal, by making some extracts.

Weimar, in its golden age, with its young duke, surrounded by nearly all the talent of Germany, must have been delightful. The following is almost as fresh as the scene it describes:—

"Often did Bertuch, in his quality of *maitre de plaisir*, receive orders, even at a late hour in the evening, to have the sumpter waggon, or travelling kitchen, ready, for that the court would start at early dawn for the forest. If it was a short expedition, two or three sumpter asses were sufficient. If it was more distant, over hill and dale, far into the tranquil country and under God's blue heaven, then indeed the night was a busy one, and all the pots and pans were in requisition. In the ducal kitchens there was such a boiling and stewing and roasting; such a slaughter of capons, pigeons, and fowls of all sorts:—wherever your eye glanced you saw bustle and activity. Late as it was, the ponds

of the Ilm must yield their fish, the forest its partridges, the cellars their choicest and most generous wines.

"A party of ladies and gentlemen, often mixed in merry groups, then took their way early in the morning. The trees which peopled the deep solitude, and were wont to see only the soaring hawk which hung poised above their tops, or the wild-eyed deer, which even at the door of the charcoal-burner's hut found a leafy sanctuary, wondered at the joyous laugh and gay song of the festive throng. It seemed that now for the first time they had attained to all their rights and dignities, when they threw their friendly shade over youth and beauty, gladness, and poetry, and mingled the rustling of their verdant roofs with the murmur of a common delight.

"In these expeditions, dramatic amusements, of a greater or lesser kind, frequently formed a part of the day's diversion. Trees, groves, meadows, and brooks served to form the stage. At Ettersburg, that delightful wooded hill, peopled with numerous herds of deer, the traces and boundaries of such forest-theatres are still visible. What merry scenes took place in a company so gay; so rich in all the bright, enterprising spirit and joyous vivacity of youth; what a contrast was presented by the calm regular action of nature with the wild feats of these extempore plays, and how prettily the arrangements for them formed, as it were, a framework around them,—a play within and without the play,—every reader but moderately gifted with imagination may picture to himself."

Of the presiding genius of these delightful days, we have an admirable sketch by Gleim:

"Shortly after Goethe had written his *Werther*, I came to Weimar, and wished to know him. I had brought with me the last Göttingen *Musen Almanack* as a literary novelty, and read here and there a piece to the company in which I was passing the evening. While I was reading, a young man, booted and spurred, in a short green shooting jacket thrown open, had come in and mingled with my audience. I had scarcely remarked his entrance. He sat down opposite to me, and listened very attentively. I scarcely knew what there was about him that struck me particularly, except a pair of brilliant black Italian eyes. But it was decreed that I should know more of him.

"During a short pause, in which some gentlemen and ladies were discussing the merits of the pieces I had read, lauding some and censuring others, the gallant young sportsman (for such I took him to be) arose from his chair, and bowing with a most courteous and ingratiating air to me, offered to relieve me from time to time in reading aloud, lest I should be tired. I could do no less than accept so polite an offer, and immediately handed him the book. But oh! Apollo and all ye Muses,—not forgetting the Graces,—what was I then to hear! At first, indeed, things went on smoothly enough.

"The solid substantial fare of Voss, Leopold Stolberg, and Bürger, were delivered in such a manner that no one had any reason to complain.

"All at once, however, it was as if some wild and wanton devil had taken possession of the young reader, and I thought I saw the Wild Huntsman bodily before me. He read poems that had no existence in the *Almanack*; he broke out into all possible modes and dialects. Hexameters, iambics, doggerel verses, one after another, or blended in strange confusion, came tumbling out in torrents.

"What wild and humorous fantasies did he not combine that evening! Amidst them, came such noble magnificent thoughts, thrown in, detached and fitting, that the authors to whom he ascribed them must have thanked God on their knees if they had fallen upon their desks."

"As soon as the joke was discovered, a uni-

† See the volume for 1832, p. 513.

versal merriment spread through the room. He put every body present out of countenance in one way or another. Even my Mæcenasship, which I had always regarded it as a sort of duty to exercise towards young authors, poets, and artists, had its turn. Though he praised it highly on the one side, he did not forget to insinuate, on the other, that I claimed a sort of property in the individuals to whom I had afforded support and countenance. In a little fable composed extempore in doggerel verses, he likened me, wittily enough, to a worthy and most enduring turkey-hen, that sits on a great heap of eggs of her own and other people's, and hatches them with infinite patience; but to whom it sometimes happens to have a chalk egg put under her instead of a real one; a trick at which she takes no offence.

"That is either Goethe or the devil," cried I to Wieland, who sat opposite to me at the table. "Both," replied he; "he has the devil in him again to-day; and then he is like a wanton colt that flings out before and behind, and you do well not to go too near him."

But this pleasant life had its clouds and shadows. Our readers will remember that mention has been heretofore made in the *Athenæum* of the weekly meetings which used to take place at Goethe's house. The most distinguished women added a grace and ornament to these social festivals; but women are pleased with novelty, and when Kotzebue arrived, the ladies were anxious that he should be admitted. Goethe was opposed to this, and the intrigues on this occasion are truly ridiculous: of course Goethe succeeded, and Kotzebue, resolved to humble him, determined to establish another "spiritual court." He was too politic to put himself up as the presiding high priest, and, therefore determined to have Schiller proclaimed as head of German poetry.

"With the same quickness and dexterity with which Kotzebue wrote a new comedy or tragedy in a week, and produced it instantly on the stage, he now drew up the scheme of a fête to celebrate the coronation of Friedrich Schiller, not exactly in the Capitol, but in the Stadthouse of Weimar.

"Scenes from the finest tragedies of the great and original poet, the *Don Carlos*, the *Jungfrau von Orleans*, &c. were to come first. Spoken in the costume of the persons of the drama, they were not only to serve as an introduction to the whole performance, but to prepare and attune the minds of the audience for the grand *coup* which awaited them.

"The amiable Countess von E—, the chivalrous-minded lady whom Goethe had celebrated, and done homage to, as his sovereign mistress, in so many an elegant and intellectual society, but who in her indignation now took occasion to repay the infidelity of the '*Schüler auf jenem Berge*,' willingly undertook the part of the Maid of Orleans. The Fräulein von Imhoff, the distinguished author of the '*Sisters of Lesbos*' (*Schwester von Lesbos*), could not possibly refuse to appear as the representative of the lovely and unfortunate Queen of Scots. The amiable Sophia Mereau, another very sweet poetess, known to me in '*Schiller's Almanack*,' was, if I mistake not, to recite the Song of the Bell (*Die Glocke*).

"Kotzebue himself was to appear in two characters; first, as Father Thibaut, in the '*Maid of Orleans*,' and then as the Master Bell-founder. In the latter character he was to strike the mould of the bell, which was made of pasteboard, with his hammer, with such force as to break it in pieces. This moment, which, in the real scene, discloses the smooth and perfect metal within, was to exhibit to the spectators the grand

and critical point for which all was so skillfully prepared. As soon as the Master had given the last stroke, the mould was to fall into pieces, and to surprise them with the sight of Schiller's bust, which, in the presence of Schiller himself, was to be crowned—by fair hands, of course."

After all these clever contrivances, who could doubt of the success of the scheme?—when, lo! the keepers of the library refused to lend the bust of Schiller, and the Bürgermeister the Stadthouse: the result is cleverly told:—

"Rarely has so melancholy, so disastrous a day risen on the gay world of Weimar. \* \* \* Let the reader but imagine the now utterly useless expenditure of crape, gauze, ribbons, lace, beads, flowers, which the fair creatures had made; not to mention the pasteboard for the bell, the canvas, colours and brushes for the scenes, the wax candles for lighting, &c. Let him think of the still greater outlay of time and trouble, requisite for the learning so many and such various parts: let him figure to himself a captivating Mary Stuart, a majestic Maid of Orleans, a lovely Agnes, so suddenly so unexpectedly compelled to descend from the pinnacle of glory, and, in evil moment, to lay aside crown and sceptre, helm and banner, dress and ornament—and he will admit that never was fate more cruel.

"In these days of universal mourning in Weimar many a white pair of hands were to be seen supporting a pretty head, through which the most gloomy meditations on the disappointments of the world, the mockeries of fate, and the perverse current of human affairs, were crowding.

"The whole transaction gave birth to a charming little mock-heroic poem in the style of Pope's '*Rape of the Lock*,' or Gresset's '*Vert-Vert*.'"

There is one little anecdote, which we shall now quote, because we are of opinion, the wisdom which it teaches may not be thrown away on aristocratic England. All were welcome at the Court of Weimar who brought virtue and talent, as the following will prove:

"The reign of the young duke of Weimar was a glorious time for Weimar, and for the whole of Germany. Men of genius thronged from east and west to this modern seat of the muses; thinking that they too, like Goethe, Herder, and Wieland, should find an asylum. Bertuch, the father, who was treasurer to the duke, used in after times to speak with great glee of a singular head in the accounts which he had to submit in those days. It consisted almost entirely of breeches, waistcoats, shoes, and stockings for German literati, who came wandering within Weimar's gates slenderly provided with those articles. The duke's youthful gaiety and Goethe's drollery contrived to create many a diverting scene out of these materials."

*Woman, the Angel of Life: a Poem.* By Robert Montgomery. London: Turrill.

This is a new song, and a long song, in honour of that ambiguous angel of upper air—Woman. Mr. Robert Montgomery is no timid adventurer in the realms of the muse: he has sung of angels of light and of angels of darkness; of the glory of Christ and the omnipresence of God; of the surly critics of London and the brethren of Oxford, "much renowned for Greek";—but this his latter song is the boldest of all his flights. For the accuracy of this assertion we shall offer some proof. Of the mysterious matters of heaven and hell he could sing in a mysterious language, and conceal limb and

lineament of his celestial subjects under the gorgeous draperies of fancy: his flow of words and an imagination ever on the move suited well with such themes. He has now come out of his cloud. This Angel of Life of his happens to be a lady with whom we are perfectly well acquainted: we are, in fact, of her household; we know all her outgoings and incomings; we have an inventory of her wardrobe and of her jewels; the muse cannot shape her out of air and pass a false Duessa upon persons of our practical experience—none of your artificial teeth, nor curls of dead men's hair, nor eyes of glass, nor stuffings and paddings to make up deficiencies, can deceive us for a moment. In short, the Angel of Life must not be made a lay-figure for the muse to hang her splendid draperies on: we insist upon her appearing to us full of flesh and blood, with a ready wit, a nimble tongue, a hand white but not heavy, a look of kindness and admonition, a little knowledge in cookery, with a sweet low voice fit for stilling babes, and a heart gentle, affectionate, and unalienable. We shall now look through Mr. Montgomery's poem; and whenever we find a passage which at all corresponds with the image we have given, we shall at once lay it before our readers.

We fear that the following must be admitted as an accessory, rather than a principal, into our picture: we like the sentiment, nor is it unpoetically expressed:—

Alas! how oft since time began  
Hath woman been abused by man;  
To wisdom's rank denied a claim,  
Beyond the worst or weakest aim;  
Or, doom'd by others, living toys  
For brutal dreams, or selfish joys!  
But thou, my England! first to be  
In heart refined, in spirit free,  
For ever may the virgin smile  
Of woman consecrate thine isle!—  
To guard thee should fond ocean fail,  
Thy banners cease to awe the gale,  
Thy throne become a crushing weight  
Of tyranny on rank and state,  
Thy genius and thy glory fled,  
With each proud pulse of freedom dead—  
E'en then, with female worth to throw  
Its heavenliness round want and woe,  
Ruled by the heart's unsullied reign,  
A kingdom might revive again.  
But, trample once upon that shrine  
Where Love hath sainted as divine  
That beauty which our dreams adore,  
Religion, virtue, truth,—are o'er!  
And sooner shall Gomorrah rise  
From out her grave to greet the skies,  
Than empires where no morals bloom  
Awaken from their living tomb!

Many are satisfied with the account which the Bible gives of the creation of Eve: the more poetical-minded eke out the description by adding that of Milton. We know not whether any will hereafter prefer Mr. Montgomery's version of that mysterious event, with his portrait of the loveliest of creation, last and best: it has its merits:—

More lovely than a vision brought  
From out the fairy realms of thought;  
Serene and silent, with a grace  
Divinely breath'd o'er form and face,  
In full array of love and light,  
That dazzled his adoring sight,  
By soul and sense to be revered,  
The Angel of the world appear'd!  
Then, what a starry welcome rang!  
Each Orb an hymeneal sang,  
While shapes unutterably bright  
From heaven gazed down with new delight,  
When first the ground a woman trod,  
Just moulded by the hand of God!—  
Around her breast, in wreathy play,  
Her locks like braided sunbeams lay;  
And limbs unveil'd a radiance cast  
Of purity, as on she pass'd  
Amid the bloom and balm of flowers,  
That clustered round elysian bowers;  
The bird and breeze together blent  
Their notes of mildest languishment;

The sun grew brighter as he shed  
His glory round her living head,  
As if no orb of space were free  
From one fine spell of sympathy,  
When Woman rose upon the scene,  
Creation's fair and faultless queen!

How Woman looked after she fell from her  
high estate, we may see in this new poetic  
glass, where departed loveliness is restored  
for a moment to the sight of man:—

Yet, scarce had Eden pass'd away,  
And Sin begun her blighting sway,  
Ere Woman lost her mental rank,  
And in domestic thralldom sank;—  
A creature whose attractive power  
Might serve to gild a wanton hour,  
To feed a passion, sooth a frown,  
Or magnify her lord's renown,  
But ever, with unvalued heart,  
In life to play the menial part!  
Aye, e'en in Greece, that land sublime  
Whose glory lit the wings of time,  
E'en there, where beauty's faultless mould  
Surpass'd what Sculpture's dreams behold,  
In vain would truth a model seek,  
Her love was no divinity!  
From earth it sprung, on earth to live  
On every charm that sense can give,  
But all proud Sentiment could teach,  
Divine in thought, or pure in speech,  
By her unfelt, or unadmired,  
Hath scarce one classic page inspired,  
And Rome, whose wizard banner waved  
O'er half the isles far ocean laved,  
By conquest was not taught to school  
The passions Heaven alone can rule;  
But offer'd up each female right  
On altars of their stern delight,  
Where rage might spend its haughty breath,  
And doom a guiltless heart to death.

We have no wish to enter into the great  
litigated question of fancy and fact: we  
mean not to discuss the merits of those fair  
and lovely dames manufactured by poets,  
ancient and modern, as compared with the  
laughing creatures in wholesome flesh and  
blood around us. In truth, we look upon the  
Hebes and Highland Marys of verse as a  
pack of impostors: or at the best, but mere  
broomsticks on which the muse hung in a  
freak the garlands of her fancy; we shall  
therefore pass over Mr. Montgomery's ac-  
count of these cloudland ladies, and hasten  
to the chapter which treats of more homely  
and tangible things. The fair dames of  
England have been often described; but  
here is a new description by the author of  
'Woman':—

But where is Woman most array'd  
With all that mind would see display'd?—  
O, England! round thy chainless isle  
How fondly doth the Godhead smile,  
And crowd within thy little spot  
A universe of glorious lot!  
But never till the wind-rock'd sea  
Have borne us far from home and thee,  
The patriotic fervours rise,  
To hallow thy forsaken skies!  
Though Nature, with sublimer stress,  
Hath stamp'd her seal of loveliness  
On climes of more colossal mould,  
How much that travell'd eyes behold  
Would sated wonder throw away,  
To take one look where England lay!—  
To wander down some hawthorn lane,  
And drink the lark's delightful strain;  
Or, floating from a pastured dell  
To hear the sheep's romantic bell,  
While valeward as the hills retire  
Peeps greyly forth the hamlet spire!  
And all around it breathes a sense  
Of weal, and worth, and competence.  
But, far beyond all other dowers,  
Thy daughters seem Earth's human flowers!  
The charm of young Castilian eyes,  
When lovingly their lashes rise,  
And, blended into one rich glance,  
The lightnings of the soul advance!—  
Wild hearts may into wonder melt,  
And make expression's magic felt;  
Or, girded by the dreams of old,  
In Sappho's Lesbian isle, behold  
A shadow of primeval grace  
Yet floating o'er some classic face:  
But where, in what imperial land,  
Hath nature with more faultless hand  
Embodied all that beauty shows—  
Than round us daily lives and glows?  
Here, mingled with the outward might  
Of charms that coldest gaze invite,

Th' enamel of the mind appears,  
Uddim'd by woe, unsoil'd by years!—  
To wedded hearts, devoid of strife,  
Here home becomes the heaven of life;  
And household virtues spring to birth  
Beside the love-frequented hearth,  
While feelings, soft as angels know,  
Around them freshly twine and grow!

The poet now sets about getting up a beau-  
tiful female vision of his own: he sees her  
duly nurtured, and dressed, and educated,  
and made ready for admiration: here is a  
view of her during winter:—

But, when bleak winter bares the earth,  
And Comfort hails the wonted hearth,  
Then, child of beauty! thou art found  
The central star of bliss around.  
Some book divine, or antique tale,  
Or shipwreck, where the savage gale  
Cries havoc! o'er a howling sea,  
Perchance, the chosen page may be:  
Or bard eternal, with visions bright  
Shall charm the soul of taste to night;  
Or, haply, Music's heaven-born spell,  
Whose spirit thou canst wake so well!  
Shall kindle for paternal ears  
The faded tones of former years;  
Oh! then adown the tides of song  
While thou corapt art borne along,  
Till the bright chamber seems to glow  
With Melody's fine overflow!  
And, full before his bickering fire,  
Delighted sits a dreaming sire,  
Forgive the mother, if her gaze  
Be fill'd with more than fondest praise,  
And Nature whisper through the heart,  
"My child! how exquisite thou art!"

This fair creature is next regularly wooed,  
won, and wedded—installed in her duties as  
wife, her toe put to the cradle; and then the  
poet, pleased with a termination which angels  
such as he sings of cannot always find, bids  
his subject farewell: these are some of his  
latest words:—

With man's compare her feelings fine,  
How delicate, how half divine!  
Torn by the slightest breeze of life,  
And scatter'd by each varied strife,  
When wrong, or woe, or accident,  
Perturbs the spirit's element,—  
In fragile bloom they seem to be  
Like leaves on some majestic tree,  
That often, when the boughs are still,  
Regardless of the breeze's will,  
Are shaken by a touch or tone,  
And perish ere the blast hath blown!

This poem has too little of the visible world  
in it for us; yet it contains some good pas-  
sages, some new sentiments and new images:  
if the poet is not distinct in his pictures,  
he has ready powers of combination and  
abundance of splendid colours; he sings  
with fluency and enthusiasm, and never  
seems at a loss for language, or to expe-  
rience any difficulty in finding materials for  
his fancy. He is fond of wild metaphors,  
—singularity of sentiment and expression.  
The language of his muse suited better with  
his earlier themes than with domestic tend-  
erness and household duties. We like, neverthe-  
less, the ardour which animates his verse, and  
the kindly and chivalrous view which he has  
taken of woman and her manifold attrac-  
tions. If he had but united homely and  
graphic truth with his fancy and enthusiasm,  
he might have composed a poem which  
would not have pleased the imagination  
alone.

*The Journal of the Royal Geographical So-  
ciety of London. Volume the Third. Part I.*  
London: Murray.

This begins the third volume of the published  
proceedings of this flourishing Society. It  
contains a very valuable Journal of a Tour  
through Azerdijian and the Shores of the  
Caspian, communicated by Colonel Monteith,  
E.I.C.;—a short Description of the River  
Usumasinta, in Guatemala;—an Account of

the Route to be pursued by the Arctic Land  
Expedition in Search of Captain Ross, drawn  
up by Captain Back;—a paper on the Sup-  
posed Junction of the Rivers Gambia and  
Casamanza;—Observations on the Gulf of  
Arta, made in 1830, by Lieut. James Wolfe,  
R.N.;—an Account of East Falkland Island,  
communicated by Woodbine Parish, Esq.;—  
an interesting Account of the Ascent of the  
Peter Botte Mountain in the Mauritius, by  
Lieut. Taylor;—and one on the Recent Dis-  
coveries in the Antarctic Ocean, from the  
log-book of the brig Tula; and it is illustrated  
by maps, charts, and drawings. An account  
of such of these papers as were thought to  
have a general interest, appeared in the  
*Athenæum* at the time they were first  
read to the Society; but the communication  
by Colonel Monteith, which occupies nearly  
sixty pages, was much too full to admit  
even of an abstract; and we shall, therefore,  
now proceed to make a few extracts from it:  
and first of the level of the Caspian Sea.

"Perhaps no question has been so much agi-  
tated, or at present remains in such doubt, as  
the actual level of the Caspian, and the variation  
which it has been supposed to be subject to. I  
will here state what information I have been  
able to collect on the subject. Not having then  
met with the observations of Engleheart, I had  
no idea that the Caspian was really lower than  
the ocean; and on finding water boiled at three-  
quarters of a degree of Fahrenheit higher (212½),  
I concluded that either some accident had hap-  
pened to the thermometer, or the water contain-  
ed impurities, which might occasion it. For-  
tunately, having four excellent thermometers,  
one of which had been constructed at the  
Observatory of Paris, I procured a quantity of  
distilled water, and repeated the experiment in  
vessels made expressly for the occasion; the  
result was invariably the same, which would  
give a difference (if the same law hold good  
above and below the boiling point) of 390 feet  
below the ocean. Considering this as impossi-  
ble, I took no further notice of the experiments  
till I saw the measurements of Engleheart, stated  
at 54 toises, French measure, ascertained by a  
long series of barometrical observations. I will  
not say whether this question has been finally  
decided or not, my observations were purely  
accidental, having no idea that a difference to  
that extent existed."

The variations to which the Caspian is  
subject, is another question which has occu-  
pied a good deal of attention. Colonel Mon-  
teith says, that the people of Enzilli assert  
that it rises and falls several feet, in periods  
of about thirty years.

"Several authors have treated on the rise and  
fall at different periods. Hanway, in the papers  
he has written on that subject, mentions that,  
in 1746, the sea was much higher than when  
the expedition under Peter the Great sailed, in  
1722, at which time there were only six feet of  
water in the channel of the Volga, but in Han-  
way's, twelve. In 1784, Forster remarked that  
the water had risen to such a height as to bring  
down the sea wall of Bakoo; whereas the sea  
was, in 1828, distant from the nearest buildings  
of the city of Bakoo at least a quarter of a mile.  
The mouths of the Volga can, however, never  
be taken as a fair criterion, as that river must  
always be the principal agent in forming the  
depths of the channel, as also being itself sub-  
ject to great rises. My experience extending  
only from the year 1811 to 1828, I cannot pre-  
tend to decide this point, except that, during that  
period, the Caspian, as well as every other lake in  
*Persia*, decreased most sensibly in depth. In  
the lake, or back-water, of Enzilli three new  
islands (besides the original one, called Mian

Pushta) have made their appearance, and are now covered with reeds and grass, where cattle pasture,—even a few willow bushes are springing up. The back-water of Gemishawan, near Lankaran, is now fordable, which it was not in 1812; and, as I before observed, having no defences on the sea side, was nearly taken by the Persians in the year 1826, the town now standing a quarter of a mile from the water."

Mr. Morier having, in his second journey, mentioned the story of the frozen prophet on the mountain of Sevilan, a party of English gentlemen, being at Ardebile, in the year 1827, determined to ascend the mountain; and the following account of the result was furnished by Captain Shee, of the Madras infantry.

"After a ride of eighteen miles, we reached a camp of Illiauts, and had not been long seated before we perceived a party descending, which proved to be the Mulla Bashi of Tehran and Ali Khan, who had been sent by order of the king. They told us it was not worth our while to ascend, as there was nothing to see, and the difficulties were very great. From their fresh appearance we much doubted their having reached the summit, and determined on the following day at least to endeavour to accomplish our object. Two hours before daylight we mounted our horses, with two guides, and rode for six miles, when we were obliged to leave them, and proceed on foot. The mountains did not appear very difficult, but we soon found our mistake. After surmounting four distinct ranges, every one of which led us on, in hopes of being the last, we reached the summit by the E. S. E. side at 11 A. M., having been walking five hours; our guide, an old man of seventy years of age, being the first. On the top of the mountain we found a tomb, consisting of stones neatly put together, and covered, except at one end, where a few stones had been removed to look at the body. In it we found the skeleton of a man, lying with his head and body inclining to the right side (turning towards Mecca); the front half of the skull, the left collar bone, the left arm from the shoulder to the elbow, with four ribs on the left side, were alone visible: some dried flesh and pieces of the winding-sheet were still adhering to the skeleton. The remainder of the body was buried in ice and earth. The skull was perfect, except some of the front teeth, which were lying about the tomb; twenty teeth are still in their places, perfectly even and beautifully white. There appears no doubt, that before the stones were removed the body was perfect, and that the remainder, which is buried in the ice, is still so. Having satisfied our curiosity, we proceeded to see an extraordinary stone, out of which (the Persians say) oil is distilled, and in a hole at the top a diamond is seen. After crossing about a mile of snow and ice on the summit of the mountain, we came to an amphitheatre of about 600 yards in circumference, containing a pond of the purest water; the sides were covered with snow, and long pendant icicles, giving the whole a beautiful appearance. To the right of the pool, a little higher up, was a cleared spot, with a wall about three feet high, inclosing a stone of three feet in height by four in length, over which a quantity of oil appeared to have been poured; in its centre was a hole, which had the appearance of being used as a lamp, and in it a piece of lead, to hold a wick, which the Persians had called a diamond. Numbers of offerings were placed round it. Near it was another stone, with some rude letters cut on it. From the appearance of the place I concluded that, at some periods of the year, the Illiauts frequent this spot, and perform some religious ceremonies, making the stone the lamp. It took us three hours and a half to reach the place where we left our horses. We returned to the camp

we had before left, perfectly persuaded that the Mulla Bashi had never ascended the mountain. Water boiled at 188° of Fahrenheit; the temperature in the tomb was exactly the freezing point."

Colonel Monteith mentions, that he was much struck by the veneration paid by the inhabitants in the neighbourhood of the Lake of Wan, to the memory of the Assyrian kings, whose names are preserved, notwithstanding the introduction of Christianity and Mahomedanism. "A fine stream, near Wastan, is called Semiramis; the mountains near Bitlis, Hills of Nimrod; and those near Akklut, Ninus. In the north of Persia (I never saw at any other place the arrow-headed characters, or heard the names of the kings of Babylon), not far from Talawan, they show some masses of lava, which they call the Tombs, or Petrifications of Nimrod and his children. These places are frequented by Christians, Mahomedans, and Ghebers, with equal veneration, notwithstanding the injunctions of mullahs and priests."

The Colonel was extremely anxious to visit the Chaldean Christians, who are the descendants of the Christians that fled from the persecution of Justinian; but he found that Mustapha Khan, with whom they are in alliance, and on whom they are nominally dependent, suspecting that he was an agent of the Persian government, threw so many obstacles in his way, that he was obliged to abandon the idea altogether. But he observes,—

"I have frequently conversed with different chiefs and bishops of these people, and seen some of the districts inhabited by them. Mar Simeon, their khalifa, came shortly afterwards into Persia, where he was detained and died. This singular people, who have maintained their existence during all the great revolutions of Asia, consists of 40,000 families, divided into the tribes of Tearce, Tokhabea Bass, Diss, and Jeloo; at one time inhabited the whole country from Rhumia to Bitlis; but the body of the people have now taken refuge in the impregnable fastnesses of the Jidda Daug, governed by an hereditary priest, descended from Mar Simeon, the bishop of Amadia, who led their emigration. He, as a priest, could not have a family, but the descendants of his brother's children, some of whom are always brought up as monks, have invariably succeeded. In their churches no images are allowed, nor pictures of saints; the fasts are neither so strict nor so numerous as those of the Armenian and Greek church; and, as far as I could observe, the people are simple, brave, and virtuous,—far superior in character to the other Christians in Asia. They are said to be remarkable for their want of intelligence,—to me they appeared stupid. Timour, after the capture of Wan, attempted to penetrate into their country, but desisted after great loss, and was equally unsuccessful in another attempt, made from the side of Amadia. The Turks have had no better success. They allow no Mahomedans to enter their country, and frequent markets where they carry on trade with the surrounding states. I never saw a country so cut by deep and difficult ravines, over which they have bridges composed of two trees joined together, and slung at one end; guards are placed at every passage, and signal posts, to call the people together in case of danger. They possess mines of lead, copper, and iron, which they work with great skill. The sides of the rocks have been rendered productive by terrace walls, constructed with great labour. In many places the mountains are covered with trees; cedars grow to a great size, and the

oaks produce gall-nuts,—arsenic is found in abundance. They consider the Syrian Christians of the Malabar coast as a branch of their nation, and hold occasional communication with them; besides these there are a considerable number scattered through Persia and Kurdistan, but all pay a small tribute to Mar Simeon, 1s. 6d. a family."

*Du Polythéisme Romain, considéré dans ses rapports avec la Philosophie Grecque et la Religion Chrétienne. Ouvrage posthume de Benjamin Constant. (Roman Polytheism considered in its relations to Grecian Philosophy and the Christian Religion.)*

[Second Notice.]

THERE are many who will consider the examination of pagan morality as an unnecessary waste of labour, and will regard the results as delusive, perhaps dangerous. They will probably say, how can we expect morality in a religious system, the deities of which were believed capable of the worst of crimes? Can we expect that those who adored the parricidal Jupiter, the licentious Venus, the drunken Bacchus, or the thieving Mercury, could refrain from imitating crimes which the objects of their worship had sanctioned by example? Whether reasoning *à priori* would have led to such an expectation, we shall not determine; but the testimony of history proves that such was the fact. Though the Romans attributed their origin to the amours of Mars and a Vestal virgin, they punished with remorseless severity every Vestal convicted of a breach of her vows. The personal character of the gods was wholly unconnected with their legal relation to men,—that was always the punishment of vice and the reward of virtue.

M. Constant wisely distinguishes between the morality of sacerdotal and unsecterized polytheism; in the former there is invariably a moral code—the gods are not merely judges, but legislators.

They create the moral law, they may change it. They declare what is evil and what is good. The rule of just and unjust is overthrown. An incalculable revolution is effected in the conscience of man. Actions derive all their value from the merit arbitrarily attributed to them by the gods: they do not please the deities because they are good; they are, on the contrary, good because they are pleasing in their sight.

Two kinds of crimes, and two kinds of duties, are thus introduced into morality; those which are such by their nature, and those which are declared such by religion. A thousand things, without real utility, become virtues,—a thousand things, having no injurious influence, become crimes. . . . Factitious delinquencies are punished more severely than real. . . . According to the Gentoo code, the man who reads a heterodox shaster is as culpable as if he had murdered his friend.

The consequences of such institutions are injurious to morality, because the greatest safeguard against crime is the belief of having rarely transgressed the bounds of innocence; the more strictly these boundaries are drawn, the more is man exposed to transgression; and, however slight his infraction may be, he has by it conquered the first scruple, and lost his surest protection against guilt. "The laws," says Montesquieu, "which make us regard indifferent matters as necessary, often make us regard necessary matters as indifferent." "The puritanical rigour of the Cromwellian age," say all who read Eng-

lish history to any good purpose, "necessarily led to the licentiousness which prevailed after the Restoration."

In polytheism, liberated from priestly control, actions are estimated by their nature, not by their accordance with any arbitrary rule or precept. Our author says,

Morality is introduced by degrees, in a system of polytheism free from the control of the priesthood. It penetrates it, and perfects itself in proportion as civilization advances and illumination is extended. From thence it results, that the gods appear not as the authors, but as the guardians of the moral law. They protect it, but they do not modify it. They do not create rules, but they sanction them. They recompense the good, they punish the bad; but their will does not determine what is good, or what is bad; and human actions derive their merits from their own inherent nature.

The history of Greece exhibits the effects produced on polytheism by the gradual growth of philosophy; the history of Rome exhibits the consequences that follow from the sudden introduction of philosophy in all its strength. We cannot follow our author in tracing all the results which are derived from this difference, and still less can we afford to examine the tenets of the different philosophic sects; but we heartily assent to the observations with which he concludes his account of the doctrines of rival schools:

We believe that we have judged too too much indulgence several philosophic sects; towards some we have expressed ourselves in terms of strong and severe reprobation; but this reprobation must be distinguished from the anathema pronounced against thought, by all those who would gain if thought were proscribed. In the midst of its very errors, disinterested meditation enlarges the intellect and ennobles the soul. Philosophy, even when it deceives itself, has this advantage, that it detaches its followers from those ardent and stimulating interests, for which the ambitious—ignorant in spite of their pomp, and vulgar notwithstanding their gigantic grandeur—upturn the world, and devour the generations they have enslaved.

The extension of philosophic speculations was one of the chief external causes that operated in the destruction of polytheism; but when the rapid growth of Christianity menaced polytheism and philosophy with equal destruction, an attempt was made to unite the former rivals in an alliance against their common enemy. That extraordinary and highly-gifted man, Julian the Apostate, may be regarded as the great type of those who attempted to form a junction between the old religion of the state and the new philosophy of the schools. Unfortunately the chapter devoted to him has not been completed; but there are some passages in the fragments which illustrate very forcibly the true character of the imperial sophist.

The Christian spirit displayed by the pagan Julian when surrounded by dangers, is a truly remarkable circumstance. Undetermined what plan of escape to adopt, he implores the gods; but the prayer he addresses to them is not to save him, not to give him means of resistance—it is not, in fact, any of those prayers with which the spirit of polytheism inspires its followers,—but he asks them to give him the strength of resignation to the divine will. He tells us that his prayers were heard; that from that moment he felt no inquietude; and, in fact, that he was saved. This prayer, this demand, not of a particular favour, but of a general spirit of submission to whatever may happen,—all this is Christianity. The cause is, that the spirit of

Christianity was then predominant; and that Julian, in resuming the forms of polytheism, could not with them resume a spirit which no longer had existence. \* \* \*

The discourse of Apollo to Julian, in the passage where the emperor allegorically relates his history, and what he regarded as his destiny in the world, has a colouring altogether Christian. It concludes with these words:—Know that your body has only been given you for our service; remember that you have an immortal soul, which comes to you from us, and that by obeying us you will become a god (a saint—for the inferior deities in the hierarchy of polytheism, as modified by the Platonists, occupied this rank), and that you will contemplate with us, the father and creator of all things. \* \* \*

Julian borrowed several institutions from the Christians, which he wished to transplant into polytheism. He was anxious to combine the intellectual and moral culture of the people with the ancient religion, by placing the priests at the head of the schools, after the example of the Christian pastors. As they explained the doctrines of Christianity, so the priests established by Julian were bound to explain mythological fables or traditions in a philosophical or moral sense. \* \* \*

In every respect Julian was a partisan of ancient forms; he regarded them as intimately connected with religion and illumination. He attributed their decay to the barbarism which was necessarily re-introduced by the fall of the religion that first drew men out of similar barbarism. He assigned the same cause for the fall of liberty. It is, said he, when men cease to regard the gods as their masters, that they become the slaves of other men. For this reason he laboured to revive the republican forms. He did not, like the last emperors, force the senate to come to his palace, but went to the senate to take his place with the other members; he spoke there as a senator, and permitted free discussion. Useless efforts! he wished to re-establish dead forms by means of instruments which had long since lost their efficacy.

We agree with M. Matter, the editor of these volumes, that the choice of Julian, as representative of the sophists, was not the most fortunate that could be made. He possesses, indeed, some share of their rich eloquence, and of that devotion to ancient Hellenism, which excites at once our admiration and our pity; but in frankness, in ingenuity, and in wisdom, he was surpassed by many of those who laboured in the same field. Some mention should have been made of the great Libanius—for great he was, notwithstanding his many errors—who, during sixty years, struggled almost alone against the united strength of the church and the empire. His whole life was a comment on his favourite maxim, which Lessing, in modern times, has zealously laboured to inculcate,—“Think wrong if you like, but think for yourself.”

The omission of Gnosticism, in giving an account of the fall of polytheism, is much to be censured, and in this case much to be regretted. The gnostics have been more frequently misunderstood, and more studiously misrepresented, than the sophists. There was a boldness in their conceptions, a universalism in their principles, which could scarcely have been expected in a declining empire, and an age both of moral and intellectual decrepitude. We shall conclude our notice of this valuable work with the author's account of the effects produced by the spirit of Christianity on the spirit of freedom.

When man liberates himself from the chains

of authority and habit, on the most important article, on the subject which decides his future destiny, he cannot remain bowed beneath a yoke which he respects far less, and which his hopes teach him not to fear. Thus the revival of religion is also that of the spirit of liberty; and man finds, at the same time, the power of aspiring to the joys of heaven and of earth. Equality is an idea inherent in religion; and at an epoch when man knows no guide and rule but the religious sentiment, equality, which under other circumstances appears to him a right, then seems a duty. \* \* \* It is not criminal, says Origen, to unite in favour of truth, even though it may be forbidden by external laws.—Men should, objects Celsus, observe the laws and religion of their country.—Yes, replies Origen, when the laws are just and the religion true.

Attempts have been made to deny that a spirit of liberty existed among the early Christians. Persons have taken hold of isolated expressions, resulting from the pressure of circumstances, to dispute that which shines forth in almost every sentence of our holy books. But simple reasoning is sufficient to overthrow the system of servility which some persons have pretended to found on celestial authority. How, with their pure morality, their profound conviction, their internal energy, their exalted enthusiasm, their contempt for death, could the Christians avoid nourishing a violent and open indignation against the tyranny which weighed down the universe?

Facts confirm what this reasoning proves. Historians attest the spirit of independence of the early Christians, the bold and severe freedom of their discourses. There are men, says Vopiscus, to whom the present times are displeasing, and who express their dislike with enormous liberty. \* \* \* One observation must be made on the expression of Vopiscus. The remonstrances of honest and independent minds are represented under a tyrannical government as the results of a censorious disposition and querulous temperament. It is very probable that Nero's courtiers said to those who blamed the burning of Rome, “There are some people who are never satisfied.”

*Life and Works of Lord Byron.* Vol. XVII. London: Murray.

THIS volume concludes this embellished and uniform edition of Byron. We had our fears at first for the success of the work; it came out at a time when public attention was engaged deeply in national matters; nor could we conceal from ourselves that numerous copies of the poet's works were already diffused abroad: a sale of twenty thousand copies and upwards has shown that our fears were vain. The volume before us is embellished by Turner, with views of the ‘Castellated Rhine,’ and the ‘School of Homer in Scio’; it contains the remaining cantos of ‘Don Juan,’ accompanied by various readings, characteristic notes, and illustrative quotations: it also gives some fragmentary matters in verse, and the conclusion of the article on *Blackwood's Magazine*, wherein the writer puts some sharp questions to John Wilson, whom he erroneously accused of writing a stern criticism on ‘Don Juan.’ Not the least remarkable of the poetic additions is one solitary verse found among the poet's papers after his departure from Genoa for Greece: it is dated March 8, 1823, and we may almost infer from it that he had a national poem in contemplation—one of a martial kind—it is a bold beginning:—

The Son of Love and Lord of War I sing:  
Him who bade England bow to Normandy,

And left the name of Conqueror more than King  
To his unconquerable dynasty.  
Not far'd alone by Victory's fleeting wings,  
He rear'd his bold and brilliant throne on high;  
And Bastard kept, like lions, his prey fast,  
And Britain's bravest victor was the last.

On looking over the text of these concluding cantos, we observe that the incomplete stanza 57 is now filled up, and stands thus:

Sir Walter reigned before me: Moore and Campbell  
Before and after: but now grown more holy  
The Muses upon Sion's Hill must ramble  
With poets almost clergymen or wholly,  
And Pegasus hath a Psalmic amble  
Beneath the very reverend Rowley Powlsey,  
Who shoes the glorious animal with stilt,  
A modern Ancient Pistol—by the hilts!

To shoe Pegasus with stilt, is like "saddling us with wooden shoes." As Murray possesses no manuscript of this canto, the succeeding verse, viz. that which should stand between stanzas 57 and 59, is wanting—perhaps was never written; its absence will allay the palpitation of some poetic bosoms, who dreaded—or hoped—notice. Among the notes of canto 12, we find a characteristic letter to Douglas Kinnaird: it is one of many which that gentleman received from the poet:—

"In an unpublished letter to Mr. Kinnaird, dated Genoa, Jan. 18, 1823, we find the following passage:—'*I will economise and do, as I have partly proved to you by my surplus revenue of 1822, which almost equals the ditto of the United States of America (vide President's report to Congress); and do you second my parsimony by judicious disbursements of what is requisite, and a moderate liquidation. Also make an investment of any spare moneys as may render some usance to the owner; because, however little, 'every little makes a mickle'—as we of the north say, with more reason than rhyme. I hope that you have all receipts, &c. &c. &c., and acknowledgments of moneys paid in liquidation of debts, to prevent extortion, and hinder the fellows from coming twice, of which they would be capable, particularly as my absence would lend a pretext to the pretension.—You will perhaps wonder at this recent and furious fit of accumulation and retrenchment; but it is not so unnatural. I am not naturally ostentatious, although once careless, and expensive because careless: and my most extravagant passions have pretty well subsided, as it is time they should on the very verge of thirty-five. I always looked to about thirty as the barrier of any real or fierce delight in the passions, and determined to work them out in the younger ore and better veins of the mine; and I flatter myself (perhaps) that I have pretty well done so, and now the dross is coming and *I loves lucre*: for we must love something. At any rate, then, I have a passion the more, and thus a feeling. However, it is not for myself; but I should like, God willing, to leave something to my relatives more than a mere name; and besides that, to be able to do good to others to a greater extent. If nothing else will do, I must try bread and water; which, by the way, are very nourishing and sufficient, if good of their kind.'*

In the notes to Canto 13, we discover that Longbow from Ireland, Strongbow from the Tweed, Both lawyers, and both men of education; were the far-famed wits, Curran and Erskine: their characters are justly and vigorously drawn,—

Longbow was rich in an imagination  
As beautiful and bounding as a steed,  
But sometimes stumbling over a potato;  
While Strongbow's best things might have come from  
Cato.

The Sixteenth Canto has few notes: one of them, however, we cannot help noticing. Lord Byron says,

I merely mean to say what Johnson said,  
That in the course of some six thousand years,  
All nations have believed, that from the dead  
A visitant, at intervals, appears.

The notion of Johnson, expressed in *Raselas*, brought these observations from Mr. Croker: "This is mere sophistry; all ages and all nations are not agreed on this point, though such a belief may have existed, in *particular persons*, in all ages and nations: he might as well have said, that insanity was the true and natural state of the human mind, because it has existed in all ages and nations." When Burns said he did not exactly believe in spirits, but when it was dark he kept a look-out in suspicious places, he expressed pretty nearly the popular belief in the matter: it is a belief widely diffused. Passing through London in a dark night, a man is afraid of having his pocket picked; the same man, passing through a lonely churchyard in the country, will, in a dark night, feel tremors of another kind, not unallied to fear: we have always considered a belief in supernatural things as a proof of imagination.

We must now bid farewell to this work. Poets such as Byron seldom appear in the world; he may be looked upon as the last-born of the great bards of these our latter times: he was the youngest of that noble band, of whom Crabbe and Rogers are the eldest. None of our youthful bards promise such vigour of genius and grandeur of soul; nor would the present taste of the land perhaps sympathize with their strains were they ever so lofty.

*The Young Muscovite; or, the Poles in Russia.* Originally written by Michael Zakosken: paraphrased, enlarged, and illustrated by Frederick Chamier, Capt. R.N.: and by the Author of 'A Key to both Houses of Parliament,' &c. 3 vols. London: Cochrane & McCrone.

This is in all respects a singular work;—singular in itself, and singular for the elaboration of processes, by which it has finally attained its present form, and reached the English reader. Of the numerous *collaborateurs* from whom it claims the honours of descent, the blazonry of the somewhat heavily-charged title-page, which we have copied above, may give some notion—but not all. The work, in its original body, is the production of Michael Zakosken, a distinguished Russian; and owes, avowedly, its particular form—that of history clothed in the garb and invested with the attributes of romance—to the prevailing taste for that style which is stated to have been diffused over Russia by the works of Sir Walter Scott. Then comes a manuscript translation of the said original into English by a Russian lady of high rank, and her two daughters,—which MS. was, about two years since, sent from Moscow to one of the editors of the present work, accompanied by an urgent request that it might be published in this country; and was, by the fair translators, dedicated, in very neat terms ("as the first of the kind ever written in Russia") to Sir Walter,—or, in their own language, "placed under the protection of the Genius of Waverley." Then commence the labours of the two editors, who have been working upon it, we presume, for the two intervening years; and who,—not confining themselves, as they had origi-

nally intended, to amending the style and softening down the Russian idioms, which we can well believe they must have found sufficiently abundant in an English version made by persons to whom English was an acquired language,—have, as they state, added several *new incidents*, furnished the piece with an *underplot*, and illustrated the whole by copious notes on the manners and institutions of the Russians, Cossacks, and Poles, of present and former times;—which notes they were enabled to furnish from the personal residence, for a considerable time, of one of them, in Russia, and have verified and completed by reference to the best works on Russian History and Topography. Now it would have been hard, if from so many hands, we had not got something good, at last; and it is but justice to say, that, (without knowing in what proportions the merit of the work, as it stands, is to be divided amongst the various parties to its production,) it has sufficient to do credit to them all.

The scene is laid at the commencement of the seventeenth century;—when the reverse of the present medal of the North was uppermost; and Russia, distracted by the long series of usurpations and civil contentions, which, for upwards of a century subsequent to the death of the Czar Fedor Ivanowitch, had made her their prey, was fast sinking into slavery, before the successful invasion of the Polish King Sigismond, and the insolence and rapacity of his "whiskered Pandours." The interest of the story is linked with the glorious struggle which at length freed Russia from the Polish yoke, and terminating in the great battle of Moskwa, finally placed the crown of the Czars on the brow of Prince Romanoff, the grandfather of the immortal Peter. The characters and incidents are very numerous; yet, amid their great variety, all are made to work to the one purpose, and contribute to the destined end, with very admirable skill. This is a great merit, and it is another (of which the present editors must unquestionably have a share), that, notwithstanding the multitude of personages introduced—personages too with hard guttural names, presenting to our unaccustomed eyes a similarity of termination, which would greatly aid any tendency to confusion, all confusion is very cleverly avoided. But the great value of the work consists in this—that, introducing us, as it does, to a great range of scenes, and presenting to us almost every variety of rank and class, it gives us, aided by the excellent and illustrative notes which the editors have brought together, a very striking and lively picture of the habits and manners, national and domestic, of a people with whom we are in this country very far from being familiar. The sensation excited in Russia by the original work, in its character of a national novel, is stated to have been of the most extraordinary kind—of which some striking examples are given;—but it is in the point of view to which we have just adverted, that it must be considered as chiefly interesting to us.

The following account of an escape by a Cossack of the desert, effected, on pretence of trying a horse considered untameable, is very spirited:—

"Let it be as thou wishest:—quick! grooms, saddle the *argamak* without delay."

"The horse was saddled in a moment; the crowd of gazers stepped aside; and Kirsha pre-

pared himself for the trial. He tightened his girdle, fixed his cap well on his head, and walked deliberately up to the horse. At first he began to coax him, patted him on the neck, and gently stroked him; he then went on the left side, and all at once sprung into the saddle like a bird.

"Stand off!—stand off, lads!" cried the grooms; "see! we shall have fine sport!"

"The people gave way, and the rider remained alone with the animal in the middle of the street. Without giving Vihr time to turn round, Kirsha began to whip him:—like a furious lion, the spirited creature shook his flowing mane, and reared as if he would fly upwards. The mob set up a loud cry of alarm;—the steward grew pale, and shouted to the grooms to hold him; crying out, 'He will be killed!—the man will be killed!—Hold him, I tell you!'"

"The devil may hold him now!" said one of the grooms. "When he is sprawling on the ground we will raise him up again; but until then we can render him no assistance."

"Hold him!—hold him!" still bawled the steward; "the Boyard ordered me to take care of him till to-morrow, and he will break his neck to-day!—Oh Lord! oh Lord! what shall I do?—how frightful!—I am ruined!"

"In the mean time, the blows of the Calmuck whip fell like hail on Vihr:—the enraged horse kicked in all directions, and pranced about on all sides. He turned his head round in order to catch the rider with his teeth, and raised himself nearly perpendicular on his hind legs; but Kirsha, as if grown from the saddle, was firm in his seat, and continued without intermission to belabour him with his whip. The mob of spectators, trembling with fear, stood in breathless anxiety watching the event. The struggle of science and dexterity against strength lasted more than half an hour:—at last, the half-vanquished Vihr, tired of plunging, rearing, and prancing on the same place, set off like an arrow along the street; and, after having galloped about a *seerat*, stopped suddenly short, and sprang round. This sudden turn was unavailing,—Kirsha still sat firm.

"This last but spirited manœuvre of the furious beast entirely failed: a Cossack is not easily unhorsed;—the tormentor, the ceaseless tormentor, was still on his back. The animal now became conscious he was mastered, and submitted to the will of the conqueror. At once he became quite gentle, giving himself up to the skillful rider without further opposition. Kirsha now trotted slowly several times up and down the wide street, and at last stopped before the steward's *isba*.

"Art thou then alive?" cried the master, joyfully.

"Well done, youngster," said one of the grooms, looking with astonishment on the horse, covered with white foam;—"thou, indeed, must be the master of this *argamak*; for nobody else could ever manage him."

"I am not at all astonished," observed the Diak, turning to the steward;—"I told thee he does not sit on it himself: it is the devil that holds him on!"

"Now get off, directly, my dear fellow," continued the steward; "I shall have no rest until I see thee again in the *isba*."

"Be not in such haste, Master Steward," returned Kirsha;—"let me gratify my love of horsemanship a little further. I will shew you a masterly caper presently. Don't come near him, lads!" continued he to the grooms: "you will frighten him! Well, now," added the Zaporozet, after having given time to the horse to breathe; "I thank thee, dearest host, for thy bread and salt! Take care of my nobles until I see thee again; and think of me kindly."

"How!—what!" cried the steward.

"Instead of answering, the Zaporozet slackened the bridle, leaned forward on the *argamak*'s

neck, and with a loud 'holloa!' disappeared like lightning from before the eyes of the wondering multitude!

"Stop him!—stop him!" roared the steward in a loud voice:—but the cry was defensed by the acclamations of the delighted crowd.

"Kirsha feared nothing:—the watch that was standing at the outer gate, thinking, that instead of the Zaporozet, it was Satan himself who was coming towards him, ejaculated a short prayer, and fell down with his face on the ground. Kirsha leaped the closed gate at full gallop; and when in a few minutes afterwards he turned his head, the high turret of the Boyard's house appeared like an almost imperceptible speck, which was fast fading from his sight in the misty distance of a clouded sky."

We have given this short extract, that our readers may have some idea of the style in which the work is written—but we recommend the work itself as both curious and interesting.

#### Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell.

By J. H. Wiffen. 2 vols. London: Longman & Co.

THESE volumes have arrived too late in the week to admit of our examining them with proper care; but a little becoming curiosity having tempted us to turn over a few leaves, and having, in this casual reading, chanced to alight upon an original letter by the Lady Rachael Russell, we cannot refrain from gratifying all our female readers by extracting it forthwith.

"Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

"Woburn Abbey, May 24, 1684.

"Let this, good doctor, acknowledge the favour of your excellent letter, writ the 7th of this month. I have not yet had the occasion of profiting, as I hope to do, from your instructions in it, in the time I expect to spend at Stratton; that journey being delayed first by the lawyers, and next, which would alone have done it, by the death of Lady Bedford.\* I could not choose to leave a good man that has been and is so very tender to me, under a new oppression of sorrow. He is a stronger Christian, and therefore does his duty in all trials better than I can do; yet, sure I may maintain there is no comparison in our losses. Though it is, I can easily believe, difficult parting from a friend one has lived easily with near fifty years; yet, when it falls away, like ripe fruit that must be gathered, or if it remain hanging some time longer must become insignificant, surely it wants the aggravations of mine ever-to-be-lamented calamity. But I must not, you tell me, give way, or too much time, to muse, or rather be astonished at what has happened to me. I say, and I truly think do say sincerely, God's will be done on earth as it is done in heaven; but the interruption I find is, was this his determination? had we not a free choice?—yes, sure we had; but 'tis as sure he permitted it—and there I must rest, and meekly submit to this most heavy dis-

\* "The health of this amiable lady had received a shock from which it never recovered: from the moment of Lord Russell's tragic death it visibly declined; and in musings on his manly virtues, and her own irreparable loss, she pined silently away, like another Antioch, whose moving complaints may so forcibly illustrate her own. Yet her death is said to have been accelerated by another incident of striking pathos—the accidental sight, in a window of the earl's study, of a pamphlet commenting on her mother's guilt, of which she is stated to have been till then mercifully kept in ignorance. The pang of this disclosure was too great for her enfeebled frame to bear; and, in the recoil of concentrated feeling, the chord of life gave way. She was found senseless by her attendants, with the open page before her; and a passage in one of Lady Russell's letters, favours the supposition, that if her gentle spirit had been strengthened to survive the shock, it would have been only purchased by the wreck of reason."

pensation. I do confess and fear I have not thankfulness enough for the blessings I have yet remaining, as if I could relish nothing here without that sharer of my joys and sorrows; but I pray I may, and in God's own time shall, be heard: he will not suffer the eye that waits on him to fail, and 'though he slay me, I will trust in him.'

"My Lady Gainsborough tells me they are all to be at Andover this month; and I hear my Lady Northampton and Dursley go; she must contrive mightily to lodge them all. We have it as news, that my nephew and Miss Worsley will make a match; I shall not wonder if he likes her, for she is a fine girl truly. I have not fixed my time yet, being once unfixed; yet I have fed my fancy with seeing that place (Stratton), and believe I should be the easier after it.

"I took the opportunity of seeing another lately, with those who performed the last solemnity to their dead mother, which I had as much bent my thoughts upon, though I concealed them till just as I went to do it, which was about a week before I did. I told Lord Bedford my resolve, but as one I could not be diverted from; that I had ever intended it my first visit; so, designing for Stratton the week after, I went this a few days before it. I think in two days after I had told, and afflicted him with the thought I would do it, she (the countess) grew worse; so, foreseeing what would happen, I deferred it; but I have accomplished it, and am not the worse, having satisfied my longing mind, and that is a little ease—such degrees as I must look for. I had some business there; for that to me precious and delicious friend desired I would make a little monument for us; and I had never seen the place,—had set a day to see it with him not three months before he was carried thither, but was prevented by the boy's illness. I must conclude abruptly, or not at all, while I have paper to write on; but I will use no more of this than to sign myself your sad but sincere friend,

"R. RUSSELL."

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### TO A CHILD.

JUST out of heaven!—grace from high  
Around thy forehead clings,  
And fancy gazes till her eye  
Can almost see thy wings;—  
The world, as yet, hath laid no stain  
Upon thy spirit's light,  
Nor sorrow flung a single chain  
Upon its sunny flight;—  
The rose upon thy cheek still wears  
The colours of its birth,  
Its hues unwithered by the tears  
And breezes of the earth;  
And round thee tints of beauty, yet,  
And gleams of glory play,  
As thou hadst left the skies of late,  
And, in their starry plains, hadst met  
The rainbow, on thy way;—  
And, like the bird that pours its lay  
Its own bright paths along,  
Thy footsteps dance along thy way,  
Unto thine own heart's song!—  
—Oh! thus that it might, ever, be!  
But onward, onward darkly driven,  
The world shall be too cold for thee;—  
Of such as thee be honest

That thou mightst ever be as now!  
How brightly on thy childish brow  
Is heaven's sign unfurled!  
Thou walk'st amid our darker day  
Like angels who have lost their way,  
And wandered to the world!  
Oh! that thou mightst, at once, go back,  
Nor tempt the sad and onward track,

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Where lights, that are not of the skies,  
 Shall lead thy wandering feet astray,  
 And breezes, not from Paradise,  
 Shall chill thee on the way;—  
 Where hills, that seem for ever near,  
 Shall fade before thy cheated eyes,  
 And shouts of laughter, in thine ear,  
 Sink, wailing, into sighs;—  
 Where thou shalt find hope's thousand streams  
 All flow to memory's gloomy river,  
 Where waves are fed by perished dreams,  
 For ever and for ever;—  
 Where guilt may stamp her burning brand,  
 Upon thy soul's divinest part,  
 And grief must lay her icy hand  
 Upon thy shrinking heart:—  
 Till—like a wounded singing-bird,—  
 Joy's song may never more be heard;  
 And peace, that built within thy breast,  
 May perish in its very nest;  
 And youth, within thy darkened eye,  
 Grow old, and cease to prophesy;—  
 Till thou, amid thy soul's decline,  
 And o'er thy spirit's ruined shrine,  
 And o'er the forms that haunt thy sleep,  
 To fade with night,—mayst sit and weep;  
 Like me, mayst vainly weep and pray,  
 To be the thing thou art to-day,  
 And wish the wish—as old as I—  
 Thou wert, again, a playful child!

T. K. H.

## EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Second Notice.]

BEFORE we resume our notices of the leading works in the Exhibition, we wish to say a few words regarding the Academy itself. It is the practice of the President and the members to invite to their private views and entertainments, such persons only as sit for portraits, commission pictures, or fill official situations. A man of genius sometimes may be found amongst them; but it is neither talent nor taste which they desire to honour. When a poet writes a poem, he commonly sends copies to his tuneful brethren, because he considers them judges: he usually sends copies to critics, because he wishes to hear the opinion of men of taste, but he seldom or ever wastes his treasures on mere men of rank, because he neither regards their opinion nor their station. It is otherwise with the Royal Academy. We do not blame them in one sense for this: the Academy is a manufactory where forty persons have obtained the privilege of preparing a certain quantity of coloured canvas and hewn stone, for market; and as there are not more than a dozen men of high natural genius amongst them, the duller residue do well for themselves in keeping away the tasteful and the talented, till their works are surveyed by those

Who wonder with a foolish face of praise,  
 And then put their hands in their pockets and purchase. Even this long established and long successful system of management has failed at last: the Royal Academy have got a lesson, which, as it is addressed to that sensitive part the pocket, the dullest may understand: among all the titled and the wealthy, who at the private view wandered through their wilderness of works, the artists were not able, we are told, to dispose of one article. This hint to the pocket is worth ten thousand counsels to the ear: let the Academy profit by it.

247. *Venice from the Dogana*. We cannot choose but look at and admire a work from the pencil of STANFIELD; he has just a touch too much sometimes of Sadler's Wells in his compositions; the present work is free from this reproach: it is, in truth, a beautiful thing.

259. DRUMMOND desires to excel in poetic or historic pictures: but we are not sure that *Camillo saving Violetta from drowning*, will raise

him one step higher up the hill of fame: there is, however, both good grouping and good painting in the picture.

267. LESLIE, in our opinion, is second only to Wilkie in expression: he has not, we fear, selected a subject in *Martha and Mary*, suited to his fine talents.

268. There is at least always nature in the works of LANDSEER: but then his four-footed nature surpasses his two-footed. His picture of the *Deer and Deer-hounds in a mountain torrent*, is truth itself; truth exalted by feeling and skill.

279. DANIELL has in this picture painted a snake darting in coils from a tree, and snatching a horrified traveller out of his saddle. The scene is in the East: the air is fine, the landscape lovely, and the serpent too long.

283. *Morning on the Lower Rhine*, is from the pencil of CALLCOTT; his landscapes are not so large as usual, but they are not the less lovely.

284. There is something in our own island scenes, which always affects us: *Loch Innellan Castle in Scotland*, by LEE, will be liked by many who heed not to what land it belongs.

289. We like to encourage all attempts at embodying scenes from our dramatists, or passages from our poets: in *pourtraying Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano, in the Tempest*, the painter, MR. CRUISE, has been, we think, very successful with the "The monster, the harmless monster." He is drinking with a gusto which wonder and new-found joy only could inspire.

290. This is, perhaps, one of the sweetest female heads in these galleries. BOXALL—now since Stothard is grown old—is sometimes without a rival in these things; a lovely face and a little flower are all that this picture contains: and those who look at it will scarcely want more.

299. *Inez de Castro crowned after Death*, is a more natural performance than we looked for from COMTE DE FORBIN: the pair of swans in the calm water, is a French touch, to connect the feeling of the scene with Grecian fable. We have a kind of stout island prejudice against looking on death and the grave; and we wish Inez de Castro, with all her garlands on, fairly buried.

315. *Bishop-Thorpe, the Palace of the Archbishop of York*, looks a princely place in the picture of ARNALD.

318. These hunters are life itself: they are by LANDSEER.

320. The President has touched off with much felicity the head of a very clever and amiable man, Christopher Hughes. He is Minister at Stockholm—was lately in England, where our ladies will long remember his unwearied powers of speech.

328. *Sir William Wallace disguised as a Minstrel before Margaret Queen of England*. This picture is painted by LEQUETRE: we notice it for two things: the composer of the catalogue has never heard of Miss Porter's 'Scottish Chiefs,' for he has printed her name Carter, and the artist only knows the hero of Scotland through the pages of the novel, else he would have made a nobler and sterner man.

331. *A Coorg*. This is a happy picture, and full of the eastern character, which DANIELL, and Daniell alone, infuses into his works.

358. *Le Joueur du Violon, from the Courgain à Calais*. RIFFINGILLE may call this the blind fiddler of France: there is true nature in it, and good grouping. Cannot he give us another picture as excellent as the 'Post Office'?

340. Here we have PHILLIPS in the poetic mood, wherein he delights and excels: this is evidently a portrait exalted by genius and art into the inspired heroine Rebecca. There are also other good portraits from his hand, in the great room, of which we could only give the numbers last week.

344. This is a little cottage in a small corn-field; but it is by the hand of CONSTABLE, who excels in such scenes, as well as in those of a higher stamp.

347. *Fort St. George, with a Squall passing off*, is one of the very best of DANIELL's pictures. The agitated waters of the far-extending bay; the shore swept, and lashed, and leapt upon by the foaming waves; the ships riding out the blast, and preparing, like birds when they replume their wings, for continuing their voyage, cannot soon be forgotten among the lovers of landscape.

350. There is a touch too much of the stern in this portrait of Mrs. Norton: the painter has made her put on very lofty airs. PARRIS has been thinking of that eloquent but fantastic lady, Corinne, spouting blank verse, seated on the Capitol, when he painted her: no poetry that Mrs. Norton ever wrote required such tragic looks; a more domestic air would be better.

351. This picture shows Sir Walter Scott sitting in the Rhymer's Glen meditating; his favourite stag-hound, Maida, lies quietly beside him; while his two terriers, Ginger and Spice, of the Dandie Dinmont breed, put their forefeet on his right knee, soliciting attention. The illustrious poet has a Lowland maud round him, and looks like a cloutery ploughman everywhere save the head, which is bare, and inclined forward; his eyes look as if they saw what no other eyes could see. There is great merit in the work, but it is weak where it should be strong; it wants poetry:—the Scott of the Rhymer's Glen required to have

His rapt soul sitting in his eyes.

The place is a land of dread; a haunted spot: there True Thomas met the Queen of the Fairies of old; and LANDSEER should not have taken him to that place of gramerly unless to show him

Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.

The likeness is good, and the scene true to nature.

359. Had this been *Morning*, an English landscape, instead of an "Italian" one, we should have liked it better. Italy has been painted out and out, and we are weary of its splendid scenes and contemptible people.

361. This is the likeness of the sarcastic Mrs. Trollope, the terror of the good people of America; the painter has certainly not flattered her looks—he has had vinegar in his brush too.

364. PICKERSGILL has succeeded better with the ladies than with the gentlemen: this female portrait comes within the limits of grace and beauty. It has no name: can it be that handsome piece of shamelessness who came lately from Italy to compare notes with some of our gay English dames concerning the merits of Byron?

369. LANDSEER has not succeeded well in this picture: it embodies the scene where Jenny Denison bribes Tam Halliday to obtain Edith an interview with Morton. There is some simplicity and more vulgarity.

380. We like to look at this picture: it is full of manners and character; let any of our readers recall the scenes painted by Burns in his inimitable Hallowe'en, and they will have some notion of this. It is an Irish Hallowe'en: the rustics, kindled up with music, beauty, and drink, are in ecstasies; dancing and gallanting abound,—some are seeking to unveil the future by burning nuts, and some are trying to solace the present moment by biting at apples—a perilous attempt, for they are attached to burning candles. Amid the whole walks Crofton Croker, taking notes. MR. CLISE has tried to do too much, and has approached confusion, when he should have been satisfied with simplicity.

408. *Rembrandt in his Painting Room*; FRASER. The celebrated painter is busy on a group: his living models are in position;—the picture is a fine one both as regards colour and drawing.

454. *A Village School-room* is a clever picture: the master is reading the debates on reform, and is so intent on his task that he fails to perceive that his scholars are committing all manner of mischief and folly: it is by WEBSTER.

462. *The Mouth of the Seine* looks beautiful in the colours of TURNER; the whole is poetic; the descent of a cloud of water-fowl is finely managed.

465. *Portrait of Mrs. Curtis*; PHILLIPS. This approaches in beauty the exquisite Rebecca of the same painter.

479. *Portrait of a Lady in a Turkish Dress*; J. B. LANE. With this we must conclude our notices of the pictures in the School of Painting and the Ante-room. We cannot do better than leave off at a beautiful work. We must add the numbers and names of the artists of some which we cannot describe at length.

270. Shee; 274. Kidd; 282. Mills; 283. Callcott; 294. Rogers; 303. Brockedon; 339. Marshall; 346. Cooper; 360. Phillips; 370. Andrews; 388. Geddes; 400. Hawkins; 402. Constable; 403. Westall; 436. Hervieu; 444. Tennant; 455. Havell; 464. Watts; 466. Briggs; 472. Jones; 474. Chatfield. There are many good pictures, admirable miniatures, and elegant architectural designs in the other rooms, but we cannot do them justice in the limits of our paper.

We enter the Sculpture Room with pain: the light is indifferent, and the bulk of the works deserve no better. We have already noticed the fine manly statue of Elphinstone, by CHANTREY, and the poetic figure of Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage, by BAILY; nor did we forget H. WESTMACOTT'S bust of Sir Walter Scott, ROSSI'S statue of Thomson, or FRANCIS'S Lord Brougham; we have therefore done our duty to the highest and the lowest; let us describe a few of the intermediate.

1114. *A Girl at a Brook*; J. BELL: well conceived, and well modelled.

1120. This is a poetic group—*The Pleiades adorning Night*. There is some fancy and fine modelling here: the grouping is less to our liking; it is confused. The artist goes too far back when he works upon Hesiod; he will find as much as he can do in Spenser and Shakspeare.

1127. *The Archer*; RENNIE. A good subject, and not ill-treated.

1134. *Child resting after play*; CAYLEY. This is a portrait, and natural and easy.

1138. *Statue of Daniel Sykes*; LOFT. There is some good drapery on this statue, but the posture is a little constrained.

1151. *Bust of George Clint, A. R. A.*; BAILY. A pleasing and clever likeness.

1173. *Bust of Mrs. Evelyn, of Wootton, Surrey*. MOORE, in modelling this head, has unloosed the hair, and allowed it to fall down the neck and over the shoulders—a licence which gives an air of nature to the likeness, and has a good effect when not carried to excess.

1176. *Bust of the Princess Louisa of Saxe Weimar*. The simplicity and graceful beauty of this head are worthy of the artist; CHANTREY.

1178. A group, by GIBSON, of Venus and Cupid: it is well chiselled, and in good drawing; but we are more than weary of these cold creations from an exploded mythology.

1180. *Cupid*; LEGREW. Well carved, and not ill imagined.

1181. This statue of the daughter of M. S. Stewart is creditable to the talents of WYATT; it is simple and graceful.

We must have done: on the whole, neither the painting nor the sculpture is equal to what we have seen them in other years. When we get a new Academy and new Galleries, a fresh impulse will be given to the minds of artists, and perhaps to the taste of the public:—we live in hope of brighter days both for art and literature.

#### THE LITERARY FUND.

"THE 44th annual dinner festival of the Literary Fund Society was celebrated on Saturday at the Freemasons' Tavern, the Duke of Somerset, the President, in the chair. Strange to say, though the large room was tolerably well filled, no person possessing the remotest pretensions to the title of 'literary' was present, with two exceptions—Ram Mohun Roy and the Rev. G. Croly. From the report read by the secretary, it should seem, that this excellent institution is barely not retrograding in usefulness, and that the candidates for relief far exceed the means of affording it. This is not as it should be." Thus far we have copied from *The Times*; and as the report remains uncontradicted, a whole host of correspondents have presumed that it must be substantially correct, and have favoured us with an infinite variety of opinions upon the general management, or mismanagement, of the Society. We foresee that, taking, as we shall do, a middle course,—objecting, in plain sincerity, to the conduct of those who have, in a great degree, installed themselves and their personal friends in the management, and yet justifying, as we must do, the Society from the inference deduced from its own proceedings,—we shall satisfy neither party: no matter, truth is paramount to all considerations of interest or personal friendship. It certainly would be extraordinary, as stated by the reporter in *The Times*, that, upon such an occasion, not a single literary man should have been present, except the Rev. G. Croly, who fills most worthily the honourable office of Registrar, if it were not well known that literary men have long been dissatisfied with the management of the Society. One circumstance, which places the Society in a position of great delicacy, and we fear, of suspicion, is the secrecy observed in the distribution of the funds; for this, many amiable reasons have been assigned, not perhaps quite conclusive in its favour, but with which we are not disposed to cavil;—but then it does happen, that the only thing which is not secret, is the name of the parties receiving relief,—the concealing of which is the special apology for the secrecy; and we could, without much difficulty, name all who have received aid from the Society within the last three or six months; and that from common report. Again, it is the duty of the Committee (as we read the laws), "to take into consideration applications, recommendations, and suggestions, made or addressed to the Society." Now, we are greatly misinformed if there be not certain members who very rarely attend, except when they come down with an "application, recommendation, or suggestion" in their pockets—and certain other very worthy members defer to their judgment as a matter of course,—and the money is forthwith voted. This, in our opinion, is but another form of private charity. We have no doubt that it is pleasant to have a purse of this nature to dip into, for we know how soon we find the bottom of our own; but such was not the intention of the founders of the Society, and is not of the subscribers—which was, and is, to relieve the worthy without sinking a proud spirit under the weight of personal obligation. We do not choose more specifically to refer to individuals, but we refrain only from delicacy, and because we are unwilling to drag gentlemen by name before the public, who no doubt intend well, though they may not act wisely; but we must hint to others, that the civil courage of daring to say No! is, in these courteous times, a great virtue, which we trust they will hereafter exercise. It may be a painful and distressing thing to set themselves in

opposition to those whose influence probably conferred upon them the honour of a seat in the Committee, and gave them the power they must thus use; but, looking over the late appointments, unless some one or other of these grateful friends can screw his courage to this sticking place, the members will soon sink into puppets, and merely nod their heads when the wires are pulled—perhaps the better plan would be, for the subscribers to infuse a little fresh blood into the Committee. Another circumstance which has created an unjust prejudice against the Society, is the very absurd manner in which their accounts are presented to the Subscribers. We have one grand total of their disbursements; thus, "Paid by order of the Committee upon applications for relief, including incidental expenses, 1508*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*" Now, would it be believed, that, without any reason for concealment, the whole annual expenses of the Fund are included in this item?—so that, but for the information given incidentally by Dr. Croly, it would not be possible for the public to know how much or how little of this sum was given in relief to literary men, and how much expended for other purposes. If, however, any one will take the trouble of working out the results from the facts stated by Dr. Croly, they will be found satisfactory. It there appears that 1135*l.* were given in relief; the whole sum therefore expended for apartments, secretary, &c. was 373*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; and yet this very mingling of accounts is urged by more than one correspondent, and not unfairly, as good ground for suspecting that there is something to conceal. As to the statement that "the candidates for relief far exceed the means of affording it," there is clearly some strange error in it. The Society last year funded no less a sum than 984*l.*, and had, notwithstanding, at the close of the year, 386*l.* 15*s.* 3*d.* in the hands of their treasurer.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

When we commenced our Gossip on Literature and Art, books were publishing and paintings selling, and we found something to say: now, we can do little more than express hopes and repeat conjectures. In literature, we hear of few speculations or announcements of much promise. A Life of Edmund Kean, with extracts from his correspondence, is, we understand, preparing under the superintendence of Mrs. Kean: doubtless, it may be made interesting: the writer will not be cramped by anything like the stately manners and gentlemanly courtesy which has rendered the Memoirs of Kemble something of a starched affair. Kean had undergone many vicissitudes of fortune; and it redounded to his honour, that, in prosperity, he forgot not those who aided him in adversity.

Burnet, we understand, has commenced the promised engraving of Allan's 'Sir Walter Scott reading in his Study at Abbotsford.' The picture was painted under the poet's own eye: each antiquarian item of furniture, or curious nick-nack, is represented with singular truth and effect, and the likeness of Scott is one of the happiest we have seen. It has the merit of being the last portrait taken from the life, and the size of the plate is such as to enable the engraver to do justice to whatever the painter has introduced.

We hear from Paris, that Casimir Delavigne is about to bring out a tragedy, of which the subject is taken from English history. It is called the 'Son of Edward.'

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 23.—His Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, K. G., President, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—‘Observations on the Comet of Encke, made in June, 1832,’ by T. H. Henderson, Esq.; ‘On the Supposed Powers of Suction of the common Leech,’ by T. A. Knight, Esq., F.R.S.; and ‘Experimental Researches in Electricity’ (fourth series), by M. Faraday, Esq., F.R.S.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

May 15.—The Right Rev. the Bishop of Bristol, Vice-President, in the chair.

A memoir, by Colonel Leake, was read, on an inscribed monument, discovered in the Island of Ægina by George Finlay, Esq. of Liosia, in Attica.

The monument is a columnar stele, on which the inscription is engraved in longitudinal lines: in the cursive Hellenic it is as follows:—

‘Ὁς τὸδ’ ἄγαλμα ἀνέθηκε Φιλόστρατος ἑστ’ ὄνυμ’ αὐτοῦ  
Πατρὶ δὲ τῷ τήνου Δαμοφῶνι ὄνυμα.

The Doric dialect shows the monument to have been of the independent times of Ægina; while the rudeness of the poetry, the form of the characters, the shape of the stele, combined with the mode of inscribing, found only on monuments of remote antiquity, render the conjecture probable that it belongs to a period not later than the middle of the sixth century B.C. It was found embedded in the wall of a church, on the north-eastern side of the peak or highest summit of the island, which several late travellers have considered to be the real Panhellenium; at the same time regarding the great ruined hexastyle, near the north-eastern cape, as the temple of Minerva, mentioned by Herodotus, lib. iii. c. 59.

Colonel Leake admitted that there are two circumstances in favour of his opinion: 1st, That the colossal statue of Minerva, which stood in the centre of either pediment of the ruined hexastyle, favours the notion that the temple was sacred to that deity; 2ndly, That this temple does not stand upon the mountain now called τὸ Ὀρος, which is evidently the same as that described by Pausanias in the Panhellenian mountain (Corinth. c. 29), but on a mountain distant from it the entire breadth of the island: he, however, advanced several arguments tending to show that the opinion has, nevertheless, no probable foundation.

This memoir included a short notice of another inscription, observed in the same place, and copied by several travellers, which appears to have reference to the worship of Hebe in Ægina.

A letter from Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart. to Mr. Hamilton, accompanying some extracts from an ancient manuscript, formerly belonging to the Abbey of Bath, written in the beginning of the 15th century, was read. The extracts consisted of an explanation of terms, relating to weights and measures, which Sir Thomas Phillipps observed, were in general use from 1300 to 1400, and very probably from the time of the Saxons: some of them exist at this day in ordinary use.

Portions of a letter from J. Millingen, Esq. dated Naples, April 3rd, 1833, and of another from Sir W. Gell, dated Naples, April 13th, 1833, were also read.

Mr. Millingen's letter communicated a description of a curious bronze statue, representing a naked youth, which he had lately met with at Florence. It is about three feet eight inches in height, and of the Æginetan style, which was probably that usual in all Greece previous to the age of Phidias. What imparts

a peculiar interest to this object of antiquity, is the inscription ΑΘΑΝΑΙΑ ΔΕΚΑΤΑΝ, engraved on the right foot; indicating it to have been taken on some military expedition, and to have been made out of the tenth part of the spoils consecrated to Minerva.

Mr. Millingen mentioned that a magnificent work on Egypt was being published at Pisa by M. Rosellini, who accompanied Champollion in his voyage. The expenses were to be defrayed by the Grand Duke.

In the letter from Sir W. Gell, an account was given of the progress of discovery in various parts of Italy.

With regard to the vessels, the masts of which were some time since discovered near Pompeii, nothing more had been done: the process of excavation had been suspended on account of the death of the proprietor of the soil. The precise situation of the supposed port is on the left bank of the Sarno, about a quarter of a mile, above the Ponte della Persica, or bridge between Torre della Annunciata and Castell' a Mare.

The clearing of the streets and houses in Pompeii still continues to lay open interesting objects of antiquity.

In Sicily, some more metopes of a temple at Selinus had been discovered.

In reference to the little progress made in deciphering the obscure Etruscan inscriptions, it was observed by Sir W. Gell, that one of the most ancient descriptions known came from Samothrace, and if there be any truth in the accounts of the very early communication between Etruria and that island, some vestige of it will probably be found. It would be most interesting if an inscription in Etruscan, which might perhaps be identified with Pelasgic, could be discovered in that Pelasgic Island.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

May 17.—Dr. Turner on the real equivalents of simple substances—and the results of some recent experiments.

It was first suggested by Dr. Prout, and afterwards by Dr. Thompson attempted to be supported by a series of experiments, that the equivalents or combining proportions of different simple substances might all be represented by simple multiples of hydrogen, considered as unity, all the equivalent numbers consequently being whole numbers.

The simplicity of this view caused it to be very generally adopted in England.

By many chemists on the continent, however, and particularly by Berzelius, this simple view of the subject was rejected as inconsistent with experiment, Berzelius having repeated many of the experiments on which the theory had been founded, with results opposed to it.

This discordance had induced Dr. Turner, though he had at first adopted the theory in question, to undertake a series of very careful analyses of various compounds, to ascertain the real equivalents of certain substances, in respect to hydrogen, considered as one; and he had found that the chief experiments adduced in support of the theory were inaccurate—and that his results coincided remarkably with those of Berzelius. It could not, therefore, be allowed that there was any series of whole numbers, exactly and truly representing the combining ratios of different bodies. It is possible that, hereafter, some simple ratio in which bodies combine may be discovered, but at present we cannot detect any.

The series of whole numbers at present in use by British chemists, will still be very useful as approximations to the truth, where strict accuracy is not required.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 15.—George Bellas Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair.—The following commu-

nications were read:—1. Observations on the cliffs in the neighbourhood of Harwich, by James Mitchell, Esq., F.G.S. 2. A paper by Dr. Riley, and communicated by Charles Stokes, Esq., on a fossil in the Museum of the Bristol Institution, and named by the author *Squidrolaia dolictrognathos*. 3. Geological Memoir on the valley of the River Medway and the adjacent country, by Robert Dadd, Esq., and communicated by James Mitchell, Esq., F.G.S.

## ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

The anniversary meeting was held on Saturday, the 11th instant. The Right Hon. C. W. Williams Wynn, M.P. President, in the chair.—The annual report of the council commenced with an allusion to the lamented illness of the venerable director and founder of the Society, H. T. Colebrooke, Esq. which has deprived the Society of the benefit of his active exertions for so long a period; after which followed some remarks on the improved state of the Society as to members and funds since the last anniversary, with observations on the qualifications of the gentlemen who have been added to the list of corresponding members, and notices of those members of the Society, deceased during the past year, who were most distinguished for their connexion with Oriental literary pursuits; among these were especially recorded his Highness the Rájá of Tanjore, Dr. Adam Clarke, J. S. Lushington, Esq., Colonel Baillie, Dr. Turnbull Christie, Mr. Hyde Villiers; and, among the foreign members, MM. Abel Rémusat, P. Martin, Chezy, Jacquemont, and Professor Rask. The report went on to specify the principal donations made to the Society since the last report. The Council then particularly called the attention of the members to the interesting essay on the architecture of the Hindus by Ram Raz, which was laid on the table, and the series of beautiful illustrative drawings which accompanied it; and also to Professor Wilken's, of Berlin, edition and Latin translation of Mirkhond's History of the Gaznevide Monarchs, which that Oriental scholar had dedicated to the Society. The report next announced that a new prospectus of the Society had been prepared, and would shortly be printed and distributed, with a view to making its objects and views more extensively known; and that the second fasciculus of the third volume of the Society's Transactions was this day laid on the table, expressing at the same time a hope that the contents would be found to sustain the literary character of the Society, and particularly adverting to the fact, that it contained the first communication from a native of India which has as yet been inserted in the Transactions. The report concluded by remarking, that in addition to the objects which the Society proposes to itself, in common with other literary institutions, it has one peculiar to itself, viz. the exertion of all the means in its power to encourage the development of talent and intellectual acquirement among the natives of the East, and especially those of India. In this point of view the Society might be considered as promoting a national object, and entitled to national support; and the council expressed its earnest hope that any legislative measures which might be adopted with reference to the future government of India might be such as would not only secure the happiness of the native inhabitants, but deserve and secure the approbation of posterity.

The auditors' report was next read, by A. Mackle, Esq. from which it appeared that the receipts in 1832 were 1148*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.*; disbursements (including balance due to the treasurer for 1831), 987*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.*; balance in favour of the Society at the close of 1832, 160*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.* The balance of cash in the trea-

suror's hands, at the date of the report, was 2307. 14s. The estimated receipts for 1833 are 14584. 9s. 10d.; and disbursements 11654. 5s., leaving a probable balance in favour of the Society at the end of the year, of 2934. 4s. 10d.

Sir Alexander Johnstone then delivered the report of the committee of correspondence in an able address, of which we are prevented, by want of space, from giving any adequate notice. The points to which the attention of the committee had been directed during the past year, were five in number, viz. the extent of education among the natives of India, and the mode of imparting it; the statistics of India; slavery; the forms of representative government anciently existing there; and the history of the places in the southern peninsula of Ceylon, which were formerly the emporia of the trade from Europe to India. Sir Alexander's report was ordered to be printed, and a vote of thanks to him for it was unanimously agreed to.

The usual vote of thanks to the council, the auditors, and officers of the Society was passed; that to Mr. Haughton, the secretary, being proposed, with an expression of deep regret at the loss of his valuable services, Mr. H. having resigned the office in consequence of the state of his health. The following were the new members of council elected, viz. Lord Caledon, Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie, Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, Hon. Robert H. Clive, Colonel Blackburne, Captain Henry Harkness, Mr. Hodgson, and Mr. Tucker.

Captain Harkness was elected secretary; all the other officers were re-elected.

Between fifty and sixty of the members dined together in the evening, at the Thatched House Tavern, Mr. Wynn in the chair. Among the distinguished members of the Society, and their guests, present on the occasion, we observed the Rájá Ram Mohun Roy, Prince Czartoryski, Count Niemcewicz, the Chevalier Don Lopez de Cordoba, the Right Hon. Henry Ellis, Sir Alexander Johnstone, Sir Henry Willock, Sir Ralph Rice, Admiral Sir Edward Owen, &c. &c.

A general meeting of the Society took place on Saturday, the 18th, at which Sir George Staunton, Bart. Vice-president, took the chair. A great variety of donations were laid on the table; and a paper, descriptive of the Batta tribe in Sumatra, communicated by Captain James Low, C.M.R.A.S., was read; the reading of an account, by Mr. Edey, of the vessels employed by natives of the East in their commerce, was commenced. The meeting was adjourned to the 1st of June.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal College of Physicians	Nine, P.M.
	Royal Geographical Society	Nine, P.M.
TUES.	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Medico-Botanical Society	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Medico-Chirurgical Society	4 p. 8, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
TH.	Zoological Society	4 p. 8, P.M.
	Geological Society	4 p. 8, P.M.
FRI.	Society of Arts	4 p. 7, P.M.
	Royal Society	4 p. 8, P.M.
SAT.	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
	Royal Institution	4 p. 8, P.M.
	Royal Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.

#### FINE ARTS

*Greenwich Pensioners holding the Anniversary of Trafalgar.*

THIS picture can scarcely be called imaginary: it represents the commemoration of Nelson's great and crowning victory; the place is Greenwich, on the Thames; and the chief actors are the individual seamen who fought under the hero of a dozen victories. The leading charm of the picture lies in the diversity and vigour of character, and in the sentiment which rules the whole; it is part serious and part comic; the

grouping is excellent, and the story well told. Under the trees which grow between the Hospital and Greenwich hill, the artist has brought the reliques of Nelson's victories to hold holiday; not the halt, and the lame, and the blind, but jovial lads who can enjoy themselves, and who are more disposed to rejoice than mourn; the British flag is spread among the boughs above, and serves as a picturesque awning; tables are placed below; good cheer still abounds, though many bottles have been emptied: in short, fifty persons, old and young, are enjoying themselves according to their own pleasure; yet the painter, with fine taste, has made all they do unite to one end—the honour and glory of Nelson of Trafalgar. This leading sentiment may be traced in the accessories as well as in the chief groups; a woman is selling Trafalgar garters, with the motto, "England expects every man to do his duty;" the basket which has brought bottles to the table belongs to the Lord Nelson public house; the medals which are exhibited are those of the hero of the Nile; and the young seaman who waves his hat belongs to the Victory.

In the centre of the composition a woman stretches out her arms, welcoming the unfurling of the British flag; her male companions hail it with cheers; two boys, belonging to the naval school hold out a plan of the fight of Trafalgar; John Stacey, an invalid, has thrown down his crutch, and is showing them how the Victory, in which he fought, broke the double line of the French; Mathews, the gunner's mate of the Victory, holds a pretty fair-haired child between his arms,—his mind seems to have wandered back to the battle; Joe Brown, captain of the admiral's foretop, is near, together with Will Welch, captain of the maintop; two others, who fought at Copenhagen, are carousing. John Ross wears one of the medals of the Nile; a midshipman lights his cigar at the veteran's pipe; and Tom Allen, cockswain to Nelson for fifteen years, shows a likeness of his great commander, and points to the part where the fatal bullet struck. These are a few of the leading characters: they are all true portraits, and, as portraits alone, are worth going far to see. Nor are the characters the sole charm of the picture; the landscape part is truly beautiful, and not more beautiful than true; the Hospital, raised by the united genius of Jones and Wren,—the fine stately trees, and the broad and winding Thames, with ships passing and repassing, together with the sunshine flashing over all,—form a picture which of itself would bring no little fame to MR. BURNET. We consider this as a fine national work, a companion to the 'Waterloo Gazette,' of Wilkie; and are glad to hear that the painter intends to exhibit it previously to his commencing the engraving.

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

'Tancredi' has been revived, with Pasta, Cinti, Rubini, and Zuchelli, in the four principal parts. Every expression, embellishment, cadenza, look, and gesture were the same as when last we saw Pasta in the character; and we have therefore only to say that she was eminently successful. Cinti, too, sang delightfully; but why is she allowed to substitute a composition by Costa, or some other living composer, for the beautiful cavatina, 'Come dolce'? Again, 'Amor possente nome,' a duet for tenor and soprano, is sung by Pasta and Cinti, instead of the original one, 'L'aura che intorno'; and the effect is just the reverse of what the composer intended; but whatever Pasta is pleased to sing goes down with the public, whose whole attention is engrossed by admiration of the singer. As a substitute for the last air and finale, she introduces a cavatina by Nicolini, to words which are not found in the opera books:

she, however, works wonders with it; and the curtain falls amidst a thunder of applause. Rubini and Zuchelli both sang delightfully; and the concerted music was finely executed. The choruses want a proper drill-sergeant. The band sounds dreadfully weak—is it not diminished in number to make room for stalls?

The subscribers are crying out for novelty in the ballets. Surely, it is time the Italians had prepared something, for they have been placarded for the last month as "in active preparation."

#### MISCELLANEA

*National Gallery of Practical Science.*—The conversazione held at this Institution, continues its interest and general attraction. The second meeting, on Monday evening, was very numerously attended. Mr. Brunel was in the chair, and a lecture was given by Mr. Partington, on the mode of generating high pressure steam. The experiments were interesting, and the lecturer briefly described the progressive improvement in the construction of the boiler. Several models and plans were presented by their respective inventors, for the inspection of the meeting. We may particularly enumerate the Road Indicator, for ascertaining the comparative merit of roads, and the state of repair in which they are kept, by Mr. Macneil, described in the *Athenæum*, for last year (p. 779); an apparatus for removing gravel, &c. in the repair of roads, by Mr. Bastard; Model of a paddle for steam-boats, on the principle of the tail of a fish, by Mr. Lynn; improved spring for a chain-cable, by Mr. Scott; Model of a suspension military bridge, by Mr. Canning; the model of a filter for ships, by Mr. Melhuish; and a flexible syphon, with an exhausting tube attached, by Mr. Hancock.

Andrieux, the famous veteran of the French classic school, and perpetual Secretary of the Academy, is dead. He was born at Strasburg, in 1759, and was distinguished at the university of his native town, where he devoted his talents at once to law and verse, and, which is rare, with equal assiduity and success. Verse, however, got the better, for the Duc d'Uzes offering him the situation of Secretary, Andrieux gave up the law. All Dukes, however, disappeared in the revolution, and our man of letters exchanged the Secretaryship of his Grace, for a place in the Liquidation Office. A restoration of the old orders, of the bar and bench, brought back Andrieux to his ancient profession. He was at once appointed Judge of the Court of Cassation, and elected deputy of the legislative body, and a Member of Bonaparte's Tribunal. Here he affected liberalism and opposition. The Emperor reproached him for thwarting his government. The reply of Andrieux is well known: "One can hope to find support only on things which resist." It was at this time, that Andrieux brought forth successively his comedies, of 'Anaximander,' 'Les Etourdis,' 'Le Souper d'Auteuil,' &c. He formed the comic triumvirate of the day, in conjunction with Colin d'Harleville and Picard. He also published a volume of Voltairian tales. Latterly, Andrieux shone as the professor and the wit. He occupied the Chair of Grammar and Belles Lettres at the College de France, and the Ecole Polytechnique. The Bourbons on their return deprived him of all they could; but, becoming perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Belles Lettres, he defied them, and kept up with his friends that continued fire of epigram, which rendered the royal family ridiculous, before they became hateful. Andrieux died after a short illness, on the 9th of May. All the literary world of Paris attended his funeral; and many poured the tribute of their regret and admiration over his grave.

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